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THE MINERS' ADVOCATE

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THE SOULS OF THE CHILDREN.

"Who bids for the little children—
Body and soul and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without a stain?
Will no one bid," said England,
"For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good or evil,
The world in their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and anguish,
Their bright eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as we own,
And hide them in secret places
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Degradation,
"I'll buy them one and all;
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl;
They shall sleep in my lair like maggots,
They shall plague the broad highway,
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer true."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin;
They shall swear in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to try."

"I and the law for pasture,
Will struggle day and night;
And the law shall gain, but I shall win,
And we'll still renew the fight;
And ever and aye we'll wrestle,
Till Law grows sick and sad,
And kills, in its desperation,
The incorrigible bad."

"Oh, shame!" said true Religion,
"Oh, shame that this should be!
I'll take the little children,
I'll take them all to me;
I'll raise them up with kindness,
From the mire in which they're trod;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God."

"You're not the true religion,"
Said a sect with fast eyes;
"No, then," said another, scowling—
"Thou art heresy and lies."
"You shall not have the children,"
Said a third with a shout and yell;
"You're Anti-Christ and bigot—
You'd train them up for hell!"

And England, sorely puzzled,
To see such battle strong,
Exclaimed, with voice of pity—
"Oh, friends! you do me wrong!
Oh, cease your bitter wrangling,
For till you all agree,
I fear the little children
Will plague both you and me."

But all refused to listen—
Quoth they—"We bid our time!"
And the builders of the children—
Beggars, Fifth and Crime;
And the prisons teeming with victims,
And the gallows reeking on high;
And the thick abomination
Spread reeking to the sky.

REMEMBRANCE.

Think of me kindly when my life is o'er:
I ask no fear; I ask no useless sigh;
But when the heart that loved thee throbs no more,
Let not its memory in thy bosom die;
Forget the errors that have caused thee pain,
Think only of the virtues that you knew,
When, linked together in love's willing chain,
Lifted o'er our pathway its sweet blossoms threw.

Think of me kindly when my life is o'er:
Thou knowest—thou alone—the heavy care,
The poisoned arrows that my bosom tore,
The wounded spirit, and the fierce despair;
Thou knowest—thou alone—when God's own hand
Poured in the balm that made those sorrows cease.
When e'en afflictions, at His kind command,
Brought with them messages of hope and peace.

What grief hath touched me that thou hast not felt?
What joy hath blessed me that thou hast not shared?
Our hearts together at one shrine united,
Our feet together on one altar paired;
And when these ties have all been snapp'd in twain,
To reunite upon this earth no more,
Still let thy gentle memory remain,
Think of me kindly when my life is o'er.
Knechtelrecker.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Life bears on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first, glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the brook, and winding along its grassy borders, the trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers on the brink seem to offer them selves to our young hands; we are in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us, but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyments and industry that is passing before us; we are excited by short-lived success or depressed and rendered miserable by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us; we may be ship-wrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home; the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our future voyage there is no witness but the infinite and eternal.—Bishop Heber.

"Why did you not pocket some of those pearls?" said one boy to another; "nobody was there to see."
"Yes, there was—I was there to see myself, and I don't ever mean to see myself do such a thing." I looked at the boy who made this noble answer; he was poorly clad, but he had a noble face, and I thought how there were always two to see your sins—yourself and your God.

VALENTINE EVE; OR THE WAY UNCLE SAM POPPED THE QUESTION THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

We were a merry set that night, at Union Hill, as ever played lost my glove yesterday, round the big fire place of a cabin "way out west."

We had all come together to spend Valentine's Eve, in a merry making at "Squire White's," who had just moved out of the old log into the new brick, and made a "house warming," as they used to call the first party in a new house. It was just thirty years ago, a warm, genial February, and the sugar trees had been tapped, and a nice run of sap had filled all the buckets, tubs and troughs. And Marm White, who had as kind a heart as ever bent under a home-made gown, set the big kettle of rich syrup before the fire, and said we should "sugar off." We had all got circled around the big fire place, each with a saucer or wooden trencher, and a spoon or a paddle in hand, ready for an onslaught, as soon as Aunt Polly should say, "Fall to and help yourselves," when in came Uncle Sam from the field; his round, rosy, happy face, radiant with mirth and warm as the great fire in his chimney, that sent its glow over every brow in the room.

"Oh, Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam—now for that long promised story. Now for popping the question," cried a dozen voices at once.

"Do, Father White," said Lawyer C—, who had somehow got into the country to spend Valentine. "Let us have the story, by all means. I have been on the point of popping the question these five years, but did not know how; and if you will give us your experience, I may find it the way and means of escaping from single blessedness."

"Do, do," cried now, Uncle Sam, cried a pretty black-eyed rogue of sixteen, as she set a stolen glance over the shoulder of the stately Miss Helen, the belle of the village, who stood patting her spoons in the bottom of her saucer, as if unconscious of the deep meaning of the Lawyer's last words.

"Well, well, bless my stars, is your sugar most done? Sit down, or stand up—don't care which—but keep still, for once in 'our lives, ten minutes, and I'll tell you all about it."

"Here, Ned Wilson, take Johnny Lee under your care, sit down by her side, yonder, on the settee, and see she don't trouble me again. If she does, send up her lips, Ned—you know how," and Uncle Sam took his seat in the old arm chair in the centre of the group, took the quid from his cheek, and threw it into the fire, and began:

"Thirty years ago to-night—"
"Laws a'me, Mr. White, what's the use; don't be telling the youngsters any of your yarns," said Aunt Polly, as she lifted up a ladleful of syrup, and let it run out slowly into the kettle again, to see if it was getting rosy.

"Never mind, never mind, wife—you tend the 'lasses. Just thirty years ago to-night, I made up my mind I'd go up to 'Squire Porter's, and pop the question to Polly. I had been trying for six months to get at it, but somehow, just as I was to go out with it, my heart would take to flapping, and my tongue would cling to the roof of my mouth, and there was the end of it. All nonsense, boys, all nonsense—the girls are weary enough!"

"Oh, Uncle Sam, how dare you?"

"Ned Wilson, what did I tell you to do?" There was a report, like—no matter—the cherry lips were sealed.

"I had failed, as I said, as often as once a week for six months, and now I was determined to get through, somehow, so I got sister Ruth to cut me a valentine—(she was well at it, I tell ye)—all hearts and darts, and true love knots, with verses all around in among 'em—such as

"The ring is round that hath no end,
So is my love to you, my friend."

And

"Reas red and violet blue,
Pink is pretty, and so are you.
Sure as the vine grows round the stump,
So sure are you my sugar lump."

To which I added a rhyme out of my own head, all the one I ever made, boys, I guess; but it went to her heart, I reckon:

"Oh, what can cure my melancholy?
Nothing on earth, but you Miss Polly."

"Sent this by Bill in the morning, as he went up to school. He went right to 'Squire Porter's, and I promised him a red hand sled if he wouldn't tell anybody. 'Keep steady, Bill,' said I. 'Tight as a drum,' said he. 'Thanks I to myself, gin she gets that all read over she'll begin to guess what I'm after when I get up there, to-night.'

"I and father had to go up into the denuding to chop wood that day, for the district—Bless my stars, how cold it was—the wind blew through the bare limbs of the old oaks and maples, like wrath. But my heart beat double quick time; you know, boys, how it goes; and I chopped a way like blazes.

"You are in a hurry, Sam, ain't you?" said the old man.

"No other way to keep warm, father," said I; but I wasn't cold, not I. We kept at it all day, and a long day it was, I tell ye. Just before sundown, we turned in and shouldered our axes for home.

"Sam," said the old man, "I'm right tired, somehow, myself, and you may go down to the lower meadow, and fodder the stock."

"Off I struck, like mad, for I knew it would take me till pitch dark to get done, and then I'd have my supper to eat, my beard to take off, and fix up, and walk a mile and a half, and it would be nigh on to eight o'clock when I'd get up the 'Squire's. The snow was falling a perfect sheet, and the wind blew harder and harder, and I knew that marm would be up about my going out such a night, for mothers used to know something about their boys them days. I thought there never was such a night, and I guess there wasn't, neither.

"Old brindle didn't get any more than a full dose of nubbins; and, as like as not, dobbin found the hay-rack empty 'fore mornin'—Marm had mush and milk for supper—and hang the mush, it wouldn't cool, and I burnt my mouth to a blister, first hash; I slammed down the spoon, and pushed back the stool. 'What's the matter, Sam?' said father. 'Nothin',' said I. She looked at Tom, and Tom winked at Bill, and Bill couldn't keep in. 'Sam's going up to the 'Squire's,' he snickered out—Father looked at marm, and she bowed her mush, and they didn't say a word. So I put up the ladder, to get on my buttered breeches, striped vest, and blue hunting shirt. Warn't

there a giggling when I started. Bill had told 'All the way up I was thinking how I should fix it to get a chance.

"The 'Squire and his wife were stiff, old church folks, and I know'd they'd not go to bed and leave I and Polly up to talk it out, 'twas too cold, and stormy to be out on the porch to look at the moon; and no kind of a chance to have a sidin' spree on the pond, and only one room in the house. I couldn't think of nothin', so says I, 'I'll trust luck.' When I got there I walked bold up to the door, my heart beat agin my pocket as if it would bust clean out; but I was determined; so I gin an awful loud knock. 'Walk in,' said the Squire. 'Good evening, Samuel,' said he, 'how's the folks to hem?' 'Middlin',' I thank ye. 'Squire—how do you all do here?' said I, as I walked to the fire and pulled off my left mitten, and stuck out my hand as if it was cold. 'So as to be stirring,' said he, 'take a cheer. Zeke, hand Samuel a cheer.'

"The old man was sitting in the right corner of the fire-place, with his red woolen night cap on, masting his toes; with a candle in one hand and his newspaper in 'other. Marm Porter sat at his elbow darnin' stockings; next to her sat Polly, and then Ann; Jack and Eph were churning over in 'other corner, turn about; Zeb and Dick were dressing axes helvies; and Betsey and Kate were pairing apples to make pies the next day, Mary and Emie, and Job and John, were playing Jack straws with the baby on the floor. I took my seat near Polly. She and Ann were working at the corners of the same blanket, putting on the roses, or some other foolery; with blue and red yarn, of their own spinning, and coloring—just like the cruellest you gals work with now-a-days.

"How in the deuce was I to fix it I could not tell. If the gals had not been at work on the same blanket, I'd a got 'em apart somehow; but there they was, their heads 'en a just a touchin'—Polly was next her mother, and Ann next to her, and I next to Ann. Ann was mighty busy, and did n't know what my hand was doing behind her back; I reached round and got Polly by the elbow. 'This is an amazing hot fire,' said I, and I hitched a little back, and a little nearer to Polly, and at the same time gin her arm a squeeze. I began to grow saucy, talked to the old man, joked the boys, bet on the youngsters, and every now and then gave Polly a slight pinch. But that want popping the question.

"'Bout nine o'clock," said the Squire, laying by his paper, and taking a long drink of cider from the stone pitcher that had been toasting before the fire. 'Pretty nigh on to bed time, ain't it boys?' I knew the time was up, and he was as set as the old beech stump in the door yard,—something must be done.—I gin Polly a tremendous pinch. She jumped half out of her cheer. Down went her darnin'-needle behind Ann's, and down went both our heads at once to find it. 'Polly,' said I, 'is it a bargain?' 'Yes,' said she, 'if papa's willing.' The needle was found. May be our lips hadn't sealed the contract. Polly's face was as red as her madder gown, and I—

"Polly, Polly, you're letting the sugar all run over, what on earth are you thinking about?"

"Popping the question," said Lawyer C—.

"Wasn't there a shout of mirth and a clapping of hands just then."

MASSACRE IN THE BERENICE, AND BURNING OF THE VESSEL.

A most tragical event has unhappily befallen the master, his lady, and officers of the British ship Berenice, in the Straits of Gaspar, while on a voyage to Sidney, who were horribly murdered on board, and their ship afterwards destroyed by fire. A previous mail had given rise to fears of a vessel having been burned in the Straits, and an impression was entertained that the ill-fated ship was the Berenice, which was missing; and from the fact of some of the fragments of the wreck having been picked up off bearing the Berenice's initials, little doubt was felt in the matter. Much anxiety then arose as to the fate of those on board, who comprised Captain Candy, his wife, first and second mates, a Frenchman, (a passenger for Australia), two servants of Mrs. Candy, and about thirty-five hands. With the exception of the officers, there were but few Europeans among the crew, who, for the most part, were Java and Malayan.

The ship sailed on the fifth of June from Singapore for Shanghai, and then from that port to Sidney on the 4th November, with the intention of calling at Java. Several of the crew evinced a strong desire to leave the vessel on her reaching that island, but the captain holding out an increase of wages and additions to take the ship on to Sidney, they were induced to remain, and the ship proceeded. Nothing was heard of her until about the 10th of December, when a report reached Marabaya, the residence of Togel, of the remains of burned wreck having been discovered in the Straits. A day or two previously, a boat, containing fifteen persons, arrived at Marabaya, who on landing dispersed themselves inland before the authorities had time to institute inquiries about them; and on the day following another boat came in with a similar number and same character of men, a mixture of Java and Malayan.

When interrogated, they stated that they were the crew of a prahu belonging to Rhio, laden with gambrie, which they represented had capsized, and that a boy had been drowned. The whole of them adhering to that one statement they were released, their story at the time being believed to be true. The police, however, had their suspicions aroused by the conduct of some of the men, as they displayed much anxiety to part from each other's company and to leave the place, and it was not until they had been subjected to a most searching inquiry that the truth was revealed. Some of them at length confessed to having belonged to the Berenice, and to the horrible fate which the captain and his officers met with. According to their representations, it seems that, on the 21st of December, a mutiny broke out among several of the Malayan, on account, as alleged, of the master not having allowed them the additional rations which he had previously promised.

About midnight they got Mr. Candy on the quarter-deck, where they horribly murdered him. His wife, hearing his cries, rushed on deck with two of the officers, when they all immediately fell a sacrifice. The third mate and the French passenger, who witnessed the tragedy, leaped overboard to escape the vengeance of the wretches, and perished.—Mrs. Candy's servants shared a similar fate as

their unhappy mistress. The whole of the bodies, with weights attached to them, were hurled into the sea. The ringleaders then took to plundering the ship of everything that was portable, and, after some two or three days of riotous living on board, they commenced destroying her. Having lowered the boats, they kindled a fire in several parts of her, and when she had got completely lighted they abandoned her.

By the last accounts, the authorities were using every effort to bring the principal actors in the barbarous acts of murder and piracy to justice, and as many as nine had been lodged in the jail of Togel. The Berenice was freighted with a valuable cargo of tea, and her loss is therefore considerable.

LARGE IMPORTATION OF SHEEP FROM NEW MEXICO.

Mr. Aubrey, the celebrated New Mexican trader, has reached San Jose with his party consisting of 60 men, 10 wagons, 100 mules, and 4000 sheep, which he brought through in safety from Santa Fe by the Gila route. Mr. Aubrey is well known in the Mississippi Valley by his wonderful ride between Santa Fe and New Mexico, having made the trip, for a wager, in five days and sixteen hours, a distance of nine hundred miles. He left Santa Fe with his train on the 22d of November last, the snow being two feet deep, which they waded through until they struck the Rio del Norte. The party descended that river to the lake Del Muerto, in about latitude 33 degrees, when they crossed the river and pursued a southwest course for a distance of about 400 miles, when they changed their direction to a northwest course, and struck the Gila at the Pimas villages. On this long trip Mr. Aubrey lost but 20 sheep and 1 mule, the last killed by the Indians for food. The sheep he intends driving to the San Francisco market. The mules will be taken to Stockton for sale. On his return to Santa Fe, says the Santa Clara Register, Mr. Aubrey intends starting from Los Angeles, and will take nearly a due east course to Albuquerque, on the Rio del Norte, with the view of exploring a route for the Pacific Railroad. From Albuquerque eastward to Independence, it is well known that no difficulty exists in the route for the road, and Mr. Aubrey says that there is no difficulty in finding convenient passes through the Sierra Madre or Rocky Mountains, west of that point. These passes are all well known at Albuquerque. The chief difficulty, Mr. Aubrey apprehends, will be found in the unexplored region lying between 118 and 108 degrees of longitude; but he is informed by the celebrated mountain trapper, Walker, long in the employ of Col. Fremont, who knows more of that country than any man living, that he thinks a practicable route for a road can be found without diverging far from a direct course to Albuquerque. This great use it is Mr. Aubrey's purpose to perform on his homeward journey. His explorations, we doubt not, will be of great use to the government and country at large, and for such enlightened enterprise this gentleman may be entitled to its favorable consideration.

MONTENEGRO.—The peace of the world has become intimately connected with the fate of those mountaineers, who, up to the present day, have been known only by the frontier population of Turkey and Austria as a semi-civilized band of thieves, who from time to time left the poor country within their mountain fastness to make irruptions into the surrounding rich plains, thus carrying on a border warfare, which recalled the times of Medieval Europe. How does it, therefore, happen that a contest, unimportant in its territorial extent as in the character of the population involved in it, can lead to so serious a state of affairs as we now see in the East? The question is answered, with substantial truth, as follows, by the New York Tribune:

After the intervention in Hungary, Russia claimed from Austria the seaport of Cattaro for the expenses of the war, but England frustrated the cession, by calling the attention of Turkey to a small strip of her territory, called the Sutorina, which runs down from the mountains of Montenegro to the sea, and breaks the continuity of the Austrian Territory. It commands, moreover, the entrance to the Bay of Cattaro, and a secure harbor might easily be formed in front of it. The Turks at once seized the occasion and erected a strand battery at that point. Thus the Russian plan of getting Cattaro was defeated, as Russia would not have won anything by acquiring a harbor lying under the guns of Turkey. But ever since that time the Czar has worked hard to find a pretext for extorting from the Porte the cession of the Sutorina to Austria, well aware that Austria would immediately transfer the whole of the Bay of Cattaro to himself. And this is the secret cause of the rising of Montenegro, brought about by Russian gold, as well as of the interest which Austria takes in the matter, of the insolence of ultimatum sent through General Leiningen to Constantinople and of the counter-intrigues of England. The importance of Cattaro is well known to every European Statesman. The Bay is somewhat above Corfu and the fortifications of that Ionian island, second to none but those of Gibraltar, were made by the English with the view of preventing Cattaro from falling into the hands of Russia, or in case this could not be prevented, of having a point from which it might always be threatened. During the French war, Napoleon aware of the importance of that Bay, seized it, but the Russians immediately sent officers to Montenegro, and led the mountaineers against the French. During the retreat from Moscow, the place fell into the hands of Russia, and the Czar Alexander endeavored to maintain the possession of it. By the treaty of Paris, England succeeded in having it transferred to Austria, but in the secret stipulations of the same treaty the number of the ships of war which Austria is permitted to keep was also limited. England could not venture to allow that Austria should become a maritime power and have a share in the command of the Mediterranean. The old Venetian men-of-war therefore—of course accidentally—caught fire in the docks of Venice and were burnt in 1815.

CONUNDRUMS.—What is the difference between a bare head and a hair bed? A bare head flees for shelter; a hair bed is a shelter for fleas.

What city is most opposed to the introduction of gas? Spemaceti.

What throat is best for a singer to reach high notes with? A soar throat.

What constitutes real friendship? We answer, confidence, sympathy, and sincerity, for there can be no real friendship without them. Confidence is necessary, for how can trust be placed in one in whom we cannot confide, or is it possible to make known our hopes and wishes, or unburden our inmost thoughts, to those whose course through life is marked by crime? There must be some trait of loveliness in the character or disposition, which challenges confidence, else there can be no affection. Outward circumstances, or beauty of form or features, cannot create in any mind real, sincere, pure friendship. You must have confidence enough in your friend to believe that neither slander nor flattery can estrange their affections, and that you are loved as well when absent as present, when in prosperity as in adversity;—sickness only draws such friends the closer, and affliction causes their love to burn the brighter and warmer, and 'tis kindly ordered by nature that the farther our bodies are separated, the nearer our hearts approach to each other.

Sympathy is also essential to real friendship, and while we may sympathize with those for whom we have no friendship, yet it is impossible to have friendship without sympathy, for it is natural to expect it, and we should be unhappy without it. See, there is a marble statue—it represents a woman, and the loveliest of her sex—mark the beauty of the features, the symmetry of her form, the gracefulness of the position—the eye is full of tenderness, and every expression of the countenance seems lovely. You may be charmed by the sight and filled with admiration—yet have you friendship for the image? Do you love the cold image? Ah, no! you want the eye of a friend to be moist while tears flow freely from your eyes; you expect the look of sympathy—the assurance of love. Suppose you are surrounded by difficulties and oppressed with sorrow, would you go for sympathy to the cold marble, or to the one whose only recommendation is beauty? No! you would seek the one on whose bosom you could lean with confidence, and from whom you would receive sympathy.

Sincerity also is not only needful, but absolutely necessary to the existence of real friendship. It will not be enough that your friend profess confidence, and appear to sympathize with you, but you must be assured of sincerity, else all is vain, for nothing is easier than profession, nor is anything more common than deception; and it is particularly on this account that it is said "the balm of friendship is but slowly collected, by single drops, on a long journey through life."

While, then, confidence, sympathy, and sincerity are essential to real friendship, so also is a forgiving disposition necessary to its perpetuity; for while it remains a truth that "to err is human," so long we can but fear that some act or word of ours may bring upon us the displeasure of our friends, and cause them to withdraw from us their affection and love.—How much sin and ingratitude there is in every thought of our mind and every fact of our life, and how needful is that our friends exercise towards us a forgiving disposition. Such friends are indeed valuable—it is better than gold—more enduring than honor—and dearer than any natural connexion or relationship.

HIGHWAY OF THE OCEAN.—An article in Chamber's Journal, entitled "Steam around the Cape," contains the following explanatory remarks:

"Persons who do not pay special attention to nautical matters are likely enough to suppose that, considering the large number of vessels at sea, the surface of the great ocean must be dotted over, almost in every part, with the sails of the countless fleet. This, however, is not the case; the ocean, like the land, has its frequented highways and its wide regions of loneliness. If an observer, furnished with a fort-Herschell-telescope power of vision, could be elevated to a height great enough to give him a view of the whole Atlantic, he would be struck by beholding hundreds of vessels following one another upon certain lines along a very irregular course, while over a very large portion of the surface not a sail would be visible.

Thus we should see the ships that leave this country for the Cape or India pursue at the first a south-westerly course until they reached the neighborhood of Madeira; then keep more directly to the south at a safe distance from the African coast, until they crossed the line; then stretch away again to the southwest, in the direction of South America, till they gain the zone of westerly winds; and finally, making rather sharp turn into these winds, go bowling along before them to the eastward till they arrive at the Cape, or else, if so directed, pass to the southward of it.

On the return voyage a similar circuitous route is pursued, although the courses are in some extent reversed, the widest circuit or deviation from the direct line being made in the northern instead of the southern hemisphere. In the extensive spaces on either side of these frequented routes few vessels will be seen.—Here and there an African trader might occasionally be perceived, dodging from port to port; or a slaver scudding swiftly across the ocean—perhaps with a royal cruiser following steadily upon her track, like a fierce bloodhound in pursuit."

A YOUTHFUL PREACHER.—In the very interesting memoir of her son, by Mrs. Sigourney, recently published by Carter & Brothers, are some reminiscences of his infant years, in which it is stated that he was very fond of chickens, and that he often went out alone, when he was only three years of age, and addressed his feathered friends on the necessity of decent morals and good behavior.—We give an extract from one of his performances:

"My chickens! my people! You must be good. You must love one another, or you will not get to heaven. I heard you quarrelling yesterday. You made a great noise when you were fed. Some of you snatched the largest pieces. The tall tinkles pecked the chickens. You strong one drove the weak away. This was very wrong. I have often told you so before. Remember, if you do such things you will never get to heaven."

Many a worse sermon has been preached from the pulpit; and the admonitions of the juvenile preacher might be appropriately addressed to many congregations of bipeds without feathers.

Never court the favor of the rich by flattery either their vanities or their vices.

Wisdom to prevent emergencies is as desirable as ability to meet them.

and privileges." approved May 4th, 1888, and all

avelling public.

Drapts for sale on New York and Ohio

gallon. Merchants and country dealers are invited
to call.

Oslo, Oct. 18th, 1862.